

WOODWIND

An Arts Paper

Washington, D.C.

25 c



Robert Johnson - 1950

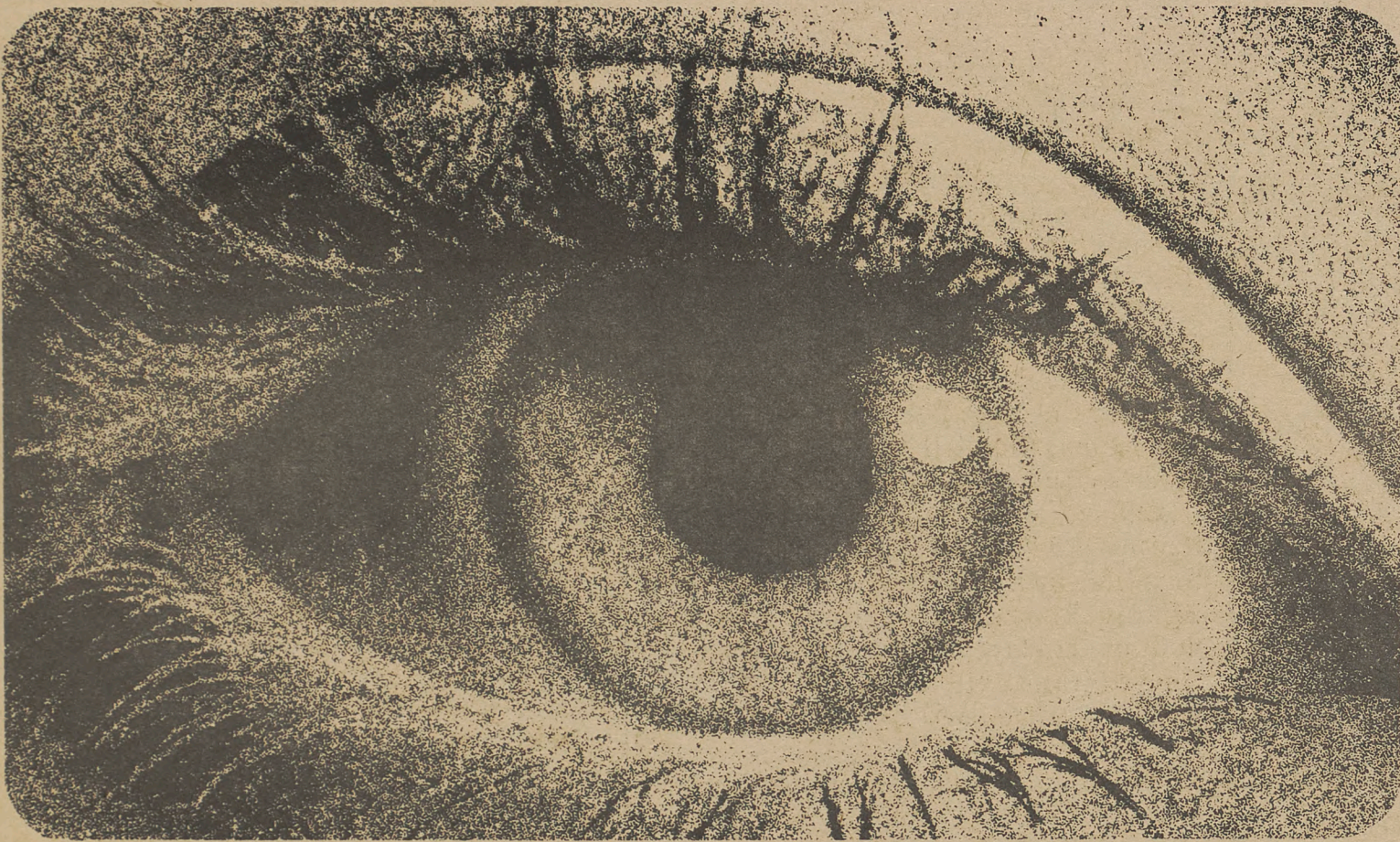
woodwind

volume 1
number 5

Sorry about there being no subscription box this time, but were moving from MacArthur, and we still are not sure where. People who are planning to send in material, please hold off a bit, we will soon have a place where we can all get together. In case anybody wonders, this paper is totally self-sufficient, we are not subsidized or anything. We are beginning to do well, and we hope to keep doing better. As always, the best thing you can do for us is to let us know the things you want to see in the paper, criticize. Our next issue should be about the end of the month. Peace.

The People of Number 5
Mark Loewinger
Ernie Hawkins
Ruth Stenstrom
David Watt
Stephen Allan Whealton
Robin Johnson Ross
(cover & center)

Dian Gish
Graig Watson
Mary Lynn Klein
Martha Potter
Cheryl Keller
Pat Patterson
Connie & Clar
Vicki Garrett
John Zambetti
Kevan Osgood
Cyndy
Charlene James
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Richard Harrington (editor)



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WHERE HAS ALL THE music GONE !? !? !

On December 14, 1969, L'Enfant Communications Centre, Inc., operators of the L'Enfant Theatre, closed their doors because they were half-a-million dollars in debt and could not make money as a movie theatre.

In March, 1970, L'Enfant Communications Centre Inc., contacted Mike Schreiber, and asked if he would be interested in renting the theatre to stage concerts there. Mike had been looking for a hall and jumped at the opportunity, initially planning to open the week-end of April 3rd; but, feeling that this would not allow adequate time for promotion, the opening was moved up to the week-end of April 10th.

L'Enfant Communications Centre told Mike that they were trying to sell the lease to the theatre, and that when the lease was sold Mike would have to find another location. They promised Mike that he could have concerts there every Friday, Saturday, and Sunday night for at least a month. When the theatre was sold, Mike would be given a month's notice before he would have to leave--in other words, Mike was told that he would always be able to book one month in advance.

Acting on this information, Capital Concerts booked acts into the theatre up to May 3rd, acts which demand high fees, and more contracts were being negotiated. It must also be explained that considering the number of acts, that the cost was low enough to still make it possible for low ticket prices.

On Wednesday, April 1st, the Washington Post ran an article announcing the opening of Washington's first concert hall designed to provide a place where the community could come together to see and hear top folk and rock groups.

On that same day, Mr. Robert Frommer, Vice-President of L'Enfant Plaza Corporation, the lessor to L'Enfant Communications Centre, contacted Mike Schreiber at the theatre office and requested a meeting with him and a member of the theatre management. At this meeting, Schreiber agreed to make whatever security arrangements L'Enfant Plaza Corporation required, but not with rent-a-cops.

Mike said that he objected to rent-a-cops because they were usually people with authoritarian mentalities who could not communicate with the audience and would more than likely be the ones to cause trouble.

In response to a request by Mr. Frommer, Mike stated that if the Plaza Corporation felt it necessary, they would take out additional liability insurance although the theatre had adequate coverage already.

Mr. Frommer asked Capital Concerts to post a bond that would cover any damages done to Plaza property outside of the theatre resulting from entertainment presented at the theatre. A condition of this bond, he said, would give Plaza Corporation the ability to withdraw funds from it without proof of right.

Schreiber spoke with an insurance agent, who said that he'd be glad to insure the theatre but that no agency in the world would underwrite a bond such as Frommer proposed.

On Friday afternoon, April 3rd, at 5:00 pm, Frommer called the theatre office from National Airport to determine if L'Enfant Plaza Corporation's proposals could be met.

Schreiber told him that the bond he had proposed could not be done, to which Frommer replied that "in that case, you can't use the theatre". He said he could not talk to the insurance agent, that he was on his way to New York, and that the matter was closed.

At this point, Mike ran up several flights of stairs to see Gen. Elwood Quesada, President of L'Enfant Plaza Corporation. He asked Gen. Quesada if he felt it was even possible for Capital Concerts to obtain a bond of the nature they were requiring, to which Quesada replied, "Let me make it very clear that if you were able to get that kind of insurance, we still wouldn't want to rent to you" or words to that effect.

Quesada cited as his main reason that he didn't want riots such as those occurring at the Sly and the Family Stone Concert which was held on Sunday, February 15, at Constitution Hall, after which Constitution Hall closed its doors to all rock concerts.

Schreiber, who had no involvement with the Sly Concert, told Quesada that of all the many concerts he had produced in the area, and in all of his involvement with management and booking for Emergency, Inc., a non-alcoholic rock club in Georgetown, there had never been trouble of any sort.

Schreiber felt that this was primarily due to the fact that "the concerts had always been presented at reasonable prices, considering the production costs, and in a man-

ner that wouldn't offend the community...very little hype, no screaming DJ's, and without creating repressive vibes."

At Quesada's request, Schreiber furnished the names of people he had dealt with who would serve as references to this fact. Among these references were the operators of Constitution Hall, the Merriweather Post Pavillion, and the director of student activities at Georgetown University.

On Monday, April 6, Mr. Robert Frommer spoke with Captain Lacey, the Managing Director of Constitution Hall, the only person on the list of references anyone at Plaza Corporation would contact. Captain Lacey said that he knew Schreiber, was not familiar with the particular shows he had presented at the Hall, and stated that there had been trouble at all rock shows presented there.

Later the same day, Schreiber called Captain Lacey, who had, since talking with Frommer, spoken with Stephen Dunap, Assistant Manager of Constitution Hall, who said that Constitution Hall had not had any trouble with Capital Concerts presentations, and Captain Lacey called Frommer back and told him that. Frommer told Mike that he didn't want to hear any more about it from anyone, that he couldn't have the theatre, and that the case was closed.

Mike's staff spent Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday (Apr. 6-9) contacting every hotel, high school, college, and hall in the area searching for a location to hold the week-end's concerts for which they had already sold tickets. So far only Leonard Cohen has been rescheduled. Cohen will be at Lisner Auditorium on Sunday, April 19.

New York City, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Dallas, Fort Worth, Houston, Seattle, San Francisco, and Los Angeles all have concert halls for rock. The District of Columbia has no such hall now, and if we don't get help soon we foresee no possibility of getting one.

Nightlife in this city, especially for its youth, is almost non-existent. WoodWind is helping to collect 100,000 signatures on petitions to demonstrate the real need for such a gathering place. If it turns out that no hall becomes available, then it will be up to the business community to explain to the rock community why there is no place for them to hear the music that is such an integral part of their lifestyle.

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, FEEL THERE IS A DEFINITE AND IMMEDIATE NEED FOR A CONCERT HALL PRESENTING CONTEMPORARY FOLK AND ROCK CONCERTS FOR THE YOUTH OF THE WASHINGTON METROPOLITAN AREA.

cut along the dotted line, and paste this to a sheet of paper, or do something, but start getting signatures. Send them to 1318 35th Street, N.W. Washington, DC.

dark eyed lady
i've heard you
calling me
before
deep in dreams
of surrender
your eyes
have asked
me when
will i look
for you
& warmth
like springtime
glistens in
your gaze

hearing the echo
of the songs
you sing
i turn to
look back
up my path
perhaps
to catch
your shape
as you whisper
low to me
of games to play
dreams to chase
& why your eyes
are sad

the rythmn of reasons
fall gently on
my mind

as you smile
softly
leaving

i sit
as time
dies slowly
around me

distant laughter
joy
is near
you

dreams weave
into infinity
& their hollow
emptiness
comforts me

Bill had a problem
it was kind of dumb
It was a bad habit
He couldn't stop chewing gum.

He chewed it in the morning
He chewed it in the night
He chewed it all the time
He never stopped chewing gum
Not even in a fight.

One day he got caught chewing gum
and then the teacher said
"If you don't stop chewing gum,
your teeth will fall out of your head."

He never chewed gum again
and from that day on
He'll never even look at gum
All day from dusk to dawn.

Poem by Charlie Goretsky, 12
Springfield, Va.



how
have i
happened
to have
met
you
luck
or fate
played a
part
maybe

but all
i
can remember
is a
melody
which i
followed
& there
found
you

bright dawn the days
we spend in golden glow
laughing lightly
green leaves lacing
through your eyes

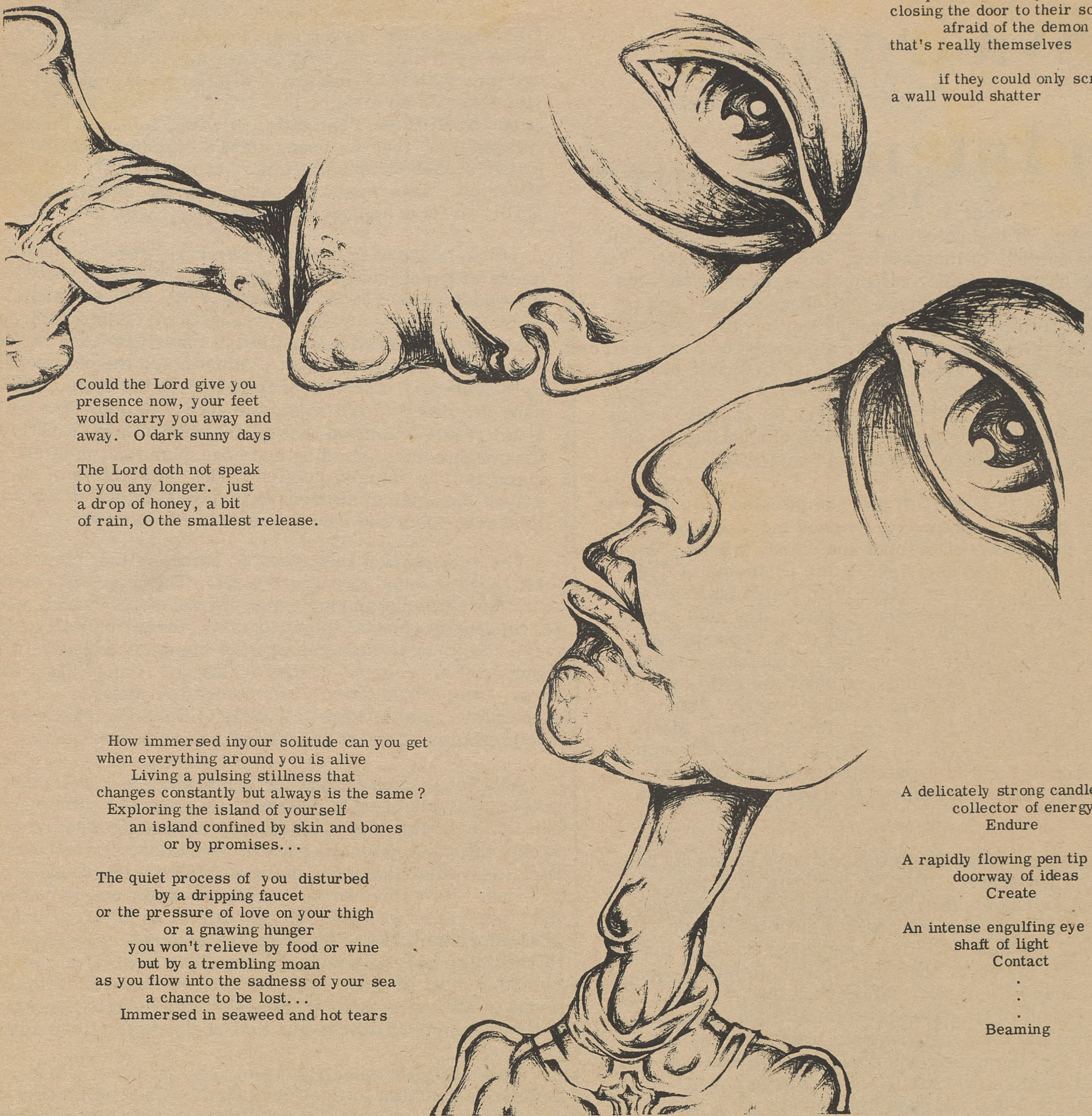
your beauty touches
high dreams locked
inside my heart
long ways lost in
tomorrow

we wonder at our
sunset
dark touch the
colors between
us
long is the silence
falling

a falling star
you fell into my
empty night

silent you appeared
burned your way
across my heart
silent you went out

-Dian Gish



Expressionless eyes
closing the door to their soul
afraid of the demon
that's really themselves

if they could only scream
a wall would shatter

Could the Lord give you
presence now, your feet
would carry you away and
away. O dark sunny days

The Lord doth not speak
to you any longer. just
a drop of honey, a bit
of rain, O the smallest release.

How immersed in your solitude can you get
when everything around you is alive
Living a pulsing stillness that
changes constantly but always is the same?
Exploring the island of yourself
an island confined by skin and bones
or by promises...

The quiet process of you disturbed
by a dripping faucet
or the pressure of love on your thigh
or a gnawing hunger
you won't relieve by food or wine
but by a trembling moan
as you flow into the sadness of your sea
a chance to be lost...
Immersed in seaweed and hot tears

A delicately strong candle flame
collector of energy
Endure

A rapidly flowing pen tip
doorway of ideas
Create

An intense engulfing eye
shaft of light
Contact

·
·
·
Beaming

Let's fall in love with each other
doesn't take much more than
cleaning up the carbage or
putting your clothes back on in the
Dusty Sunbeam Morning

What can we eat for breakfast?
you don't have to look in my eyes
...not much pleasure there
I can carry on a good conversation, though.
you'd be proud of me.

i squeeze out words like a cat
stretching
in the next room
listening to you
and regretting some

(this is the most we've talked
in three hours)
I wish I could play the guitar
instead of writing nowhere poetry

for Laura

lovely morning
lovely faces

Carry me from my bed
into your day

Like a sparrow
taking to the summer
I will rise up
and breathe

Black air
do me no harm
She is lovely

Craig Watson

The trees in autumn are crying
At the feet of great branches
The earth is weeping forgive me
forgive me

Black moist barren in the
Fields of our minds it is
cold and the harvest will not save us.
Give us your winter strength.

BREIFS

by

Mary Lynn Klein

+

Craig Watson

A Syndrome...

An Intent M. RUTT

The history of technology has made available to man an astounding number of innovations. The television set. Yet this writer finds it equally astounding that during this history man has failed in designing his technologies, and in refining his technologies, to enable him to gain, and thus make use of, new outlooks of his relationships to his environment. Indeed he has even further failed to enable himself to properly cope with his new technologies as they become part of environment, and in his search for insight, he has mostly succeeded in complicating environment more, and aggravating a syndrome, rather than easing it.

Clearly this is a difficult and complicated situation yet one that is going to continue to demand more and more attention as the gap between input and output widens. This writer wishes to shed new light on the problems of this situation as they manifest themselves in man's outlooks and relationships to his orientation in space, and thus, environment. The researcher has equipped himself with a great body of knowledge concerning psychology, response systems, expression systems and environmental systems. Nevertheless, a disparity here exists. Man cannot effectively control his reaction to space. Man cannot effectively control his creation of space through manipulation of form to create spatial orientations to which he can react and respond in a wished and defined way.

The disparity thus exists that we know so much, but can do so little with it. It is the proposition of this writer that an examination of our knowledge in psychology, response systems, expression systems and environmental systems will give conclusive evidence that Child-Object-Concepts and Child-Object-Relations demand that man investigate, rather than thwart, the possibilities of a biomorphic system of form, space, relationship and thus environment. The intent of this is to show that the purely Euclidean-spatial self-object relationship hierarchy in which Western man exists, cannot fulfill his need for understanding and control of environment unless it is coupled with an equally sophisticated and greatly demanded system of biomorphic-spatial self object understanding and awareness.

Webster says two things about Biomorphic form. The first is that it is related to the forms of the body. It is not surprising that the field of psychology is a great contribution then. Piaget deals with the growth of the child on a developmental schema. It is seen that there are definable trends in what a child responds to and what he in turn produces after comprehension. Extensive investigation and experimentation is then currently available for analysis. Piaget supplies one with defined stages of ability and growth.

It is clear from the early activity in childhood that comprehension and response to form and space are far more closely related to biomorphic forms than to Gestalt or Euclidean. This is reinforced by researchers in children's art, Rhoda Kellogg and others. The important concurrence is that at the same time Piaget's child enters a developmental stage that enables him to comprehend a form as an entity and thus set up a self-object relationship with it (in the post-oedipal stage), Mrs. Kellogg's child begins to cease producing biomorphic art and turns to Euclidean form. There seems to be a definite response to the Euclidean environment of the Western child as soon as he is able to comprehend it, and biomorphic form is left by the wayside.

Our overdependence on Euclidean environment certainly influences anyone entering such an environment and is such a powerful force that one is forced to cope and deal with it exclusively. Similarly, biomorphic environment is so meagre that growth of biomorphic conceptualization and realization is never followed through. It is unlikely that the young child's biomorphic outlook naturally ceases to be important, but more likely that it is thwarted. This would put one at a great disadvantage in ability to form and relate to environment in later life.

Closely allied to the child psychology are the basic tenets of psychoanalysis as put forth by Freud. Attention must be paid to the "basic drives". Overemphasis on the Euclidean, and underemphasis on the biomorphic, could be considered a substitution manifestation, if one relates the Euclidean to the synthetic and the biomorphic to the natural. Thus underemphasis on the biomorphic runs the risk of denying one the ability to cope with natural drives. It follows that an analysis of how directly the biomorphic understanding and conceptualization of environment is actually related to the satisfaction of such drives (through an awareness of a self-object relationship to space, form and environment) is necessary.

The second point that Webster makes is that biomorphic form is often found in primitive art. This historic reference to biomorphism is another point of interest in dealing with psycho-environmental biomorphism. Indeed primitive African and Oceanic Cultures are the main instances in which biomorphism becomes almost exclusive. Calligraphy, structures, town organization, communication patterns all rely on biomorphic relationships. Rarely is the individual employing Euclidean environment conceptualization or expression.

Additional implications for synthesis are to be sought through proper analysis of such cultures. In addition, the import of Western Euclideanism has made its appearance on most such cultures except the most divorced ones in Central Africa and Australia. Such innovations have had distinct effect on the change in living patterns. Nevertheless biomorphism exists concurrently, and thus there is an example for analysis of an environmental situation of biomorphism that is by no means completely replaced by an introduction of Euclideanism. Needless to say, one would not consider most of these cultures to be "advanced" in the Western sense of the term, but nevertheless there exists concept organization methods of expression that are highly refined and precise.

Instances of biomorphic form are evident in Western art, usually in reaction to Euclidean form. One outstanding example for analysis is Antonio Gaudi. It is probably the most extreme instance to be found in architecture. It is also unfortunate that the very field that deals so closely with environmental orientation offers the least data on the subject at hand.

It is inevitable and proper that where one draws on psychology, psychiatry, response systems, children's art and primitive art, for data on biomorphism, that the surrealism movement of this century becomes of major importance. The fact that the biomorphic art produced during surrealism was a means to an end which was first and foremost a philosophical, political and social one, only emphasizes the importance of such a manifestation in respect to response patterns. The impact of surrealism to biomorphism is mammoth.

Besides a definite debt to psychiatry, one must analyze three other points. First, Pablo Picasso's art dealing with cubism in as much as he "broke up space" and definitely put forth a challenge to Euclidean space as we know it. Second, Marcel Duchamp's founding of Dadaism. Most of his dada works in one way or another relate to biomorphism (however vaguely), but of particular importance was his "fountain" in both its form and its implication. The dada movement as a whole directly produced surrealism. Third, World War One. Doubtless, the inabilities of man manifested themselves in this revolution that influenced almost every aspect of life almost everywhere in the world. Certainly man's orientation in environment was influenced by the war's origins and legacies, one of which was surrealism.

Once, long ago (10 years) and far away (400 miles), I was for one year a freshman student at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. While I was there, I received from my fellow-students and from the environment my first real initiation into artistic matters. MIT may be the epitome of anti-artistic technology in some people's minds; but it has always been peculiarly art-oriented in my perception and memory of it.

At the National Collection of the Fine Arts, there is currently in Washington an extremely interesting and provocative show from MIT. It is named "Explorations." It has been created by artists working at the Center for Advanced Visual Studies which MIT has recently established and put under the leadership of Gyorgy Kepes. Among the artists in the show who are well-known in the world of technological arts are: Stephen Antonakos, Gyorgy Kepes, Les Levine, TAKIS, Wen-Ying Tsai, and Stan Van Der Beek.

The show, like the Smithsonian's Lasjer 10 show reviewed earlier in *Woodwind*, is set mostly in a darkened environment. It is a completely successful darkness, however, in the Explorations show. Unlike the Smithsonian people, the MIT artists have taken into account the disadvantages, as well as the advantages, of darkness. No written annotations are made unreadable by low light levels in the Explorations show.

After arriving on the third floor of the National Collection of the Fine Arts, one first notices the MIT show by the presence of a slot-machine in the middle of the floor. It is free, and the swirling images which accompany it appear on the wall. One pulls the handle, and a trio of black and white photographs flip around and finally settle. Pictures of various aspects of modern life randomly appear and complement and comment upon each other.

Moving along, one next reaches a trio of exhibitions, still in full illumination. On the right are a pair of television sets and a gigantic wall array. Apparently, the artist in this work Ted Kraynick, has decided to concentrate upon a probable future extension of present-day technology. The whole point of it appears to be that it is a foreshadowing of tomorrow's gigantic television screens. The right-hand television set is being "read" for its image. A small sensor is attached to the lower part of the screen and it reads the image and projects it onto the wall-TV, which is 8 feet high and 36 feet around.

In the center of the walkway at this point is a very simple visual device. It is a set of clear plastic stairsteps which distort light in a very nice way. Looking through this Stair Set, as it is called, one sees people, lights, and objects on the other side with strange diffusions and distortions of shape and color. In a world crammed full with a diversity of "psychedelic" devices designed to distort light, Charles Ross has managed to create a memorable example.

On the left is Stan Van Der Beek's Telephone Mural. Basically, it is a predictive art-work, just as the wall-TV is predictive. Van Der Beek has taken a device which is well known, the telephone picture-sending device, and adapted it to artistic ends. With what one might presume to be the latest and most sophisticated and flexible model of picture-sender available, Van Der Beek has chosen to make a wall-sized collage-like mural of black-and-white images. For those familiar with Van Der Beek's films of a few years ago, the mural will bring these films to mind. On the left is a large, overall image in negative, with a black background, and with words reversed. On the right is the positive image, black on white, words in proper orientation. The murals are each made of a numbered matrix of sheets, each one approximately the size of typing paper.

explorations

Entering the main body of the exhibition, one travels along a corridor with an extremely interesting floor. It is called Photoelastic Walk, and it is based upon the pressure of your feet upon polarizers-and-plastic lit from below. Is that clear? Well, in any case, you walk on a beautifully colorful array of color. The floor is plastic, and the colors move about as the pressure of your weight is transferred from your feet onto the plastic. Gyorgy Kepes teamed up with William Wainwright for this piece.

Inside, there are some pieces which are interesting-looking-but-not-clear, some which are clear enough but boring, and a few which are truly striking. A few, like Stephen Antonakos' Red Neon from Wall to Floor are fully explained by their titles, and are of interest only as one-time shocks to the uninitiated. Long neon lights may strike some conservative viewers as being out of place in an art show, but they do not seem to be very provocative to the intellect. A good number of the objects struck me as being of this type. "Big deal," I thought.

Some of the objects called for some audience participation. One of the most interesting involved a magnetic liquid. The object, surrounded by machinery and a large magnet and (well-lit) instructions, consisted of a long, circular tube of dark liquid. The signs said to wait (for seven minutes) for a light to come on. Then, you have to step on a floor-switch and turn a dial slowly. Not being patient enough to wait for seven minutes, I nevertheless managed to be nearby when others were operating this wonderful toy. The liquid, when the dial is turned, becomes turbulent and rises up to the top of the tube. Then it forms very interesting patterns of slowly moving shapes. In the absence of commentary about the physics of the thing, I presume that the shapes represent a compromise between the magnetic field and the surface tension of the liquid. In any case, it is extremely beautiful.

Along one wall are various light-weight, silvery, metallic-looking sculptures. Upon touching them, one notices warmth and a subtly strange feel. John Goodyear is responsible for the four art-works which make up this complex, and I suppose that his "point" is to make participants aware of temperature.

Wen-Ying Tsai has several of his cybernetic wiggles in the show as well. There have been other similar works of his on display in Washington before, notably at the Cybernetic Serendipity showing at the Corcoran Gallery Dupont Center last summer. These sculptures involve wiggling stainless steel rods with stroboscopic lights interacting with the rods. The effect is to make the rods seem to be jiggling, standing still, dancing irregularly, etc. Tsai has added diffraction-grating circles to the tops of his rods, and these add a great deal to the overall effect by their use of slowly changing color. Other worthwhile exhibits are numerous. There is a set of magnets which you can throw nails at, a gigantic and horrifying vacuum cleaner black monster which writhes in superb extraterrestrial fashion.

8 "Once Upon a time..."

I guess the whole idea of seeing "WOODSTOCK" is to relate to it in terms of "Is it worth it?" Usually, a simple answer will do, but this particular film raises converse answers. On one level, the film is very much worth seeing; on another, it is not.

As a film, "WOODSTOCK" creates a new level of excellence in the field of performance-recording films. I think people must be getting tired of hearing how it was up at Woodstock. Woodstock has become a part of all our lives through the simple process of osmosis. Those of us (including myself) who missed it will always regret it as the one thing we would not want to have missed. There may be other Woodstocks, but there will always be "Woodstock", the first and the most important, because it signalled the emergence and potential togetherness of a new tribalism and counterculture.

In any case, knowing and understanding the spirit of Woodstock is one thing---capturing it on film is another. But after seeing "WOODSTOCK", I realize just how terrible the other films of this kind have been (including "Montorey Pop").

For, previous to this film, cameramen have failed to show imagination in their shooting of either performers or audience. In "WOODSTOCK", the vibes that existed between the stage and the swarms of humanity in front of and all around it are conveyed by camera angles and sensitive choices of shots---and we are lucky to see many things just as the performers did. Sometimes, we are with John Sebastian, walking out dazed, blinking unbelieving eyes and saying, "What a motherfucker..." Or we are with Sly, rapping a response from an invisible but felt audience-"Higher... Higher...", and flashing peace signs that you just know are out there, even if you can't see them. We are invited, via the camera, into the openness and warmth of the people who created this Woodstock nation--- the yogis and the lovers and the daddies with daughters hanging onto their flowing beards and the mud-crazies and even our own local idiot Turkey, who manages to steal a scene, with the aid of a Port-o-san toilet. They are all there, and they are effectively captured on the celluloid.

In terms of technique, the film continues its sense of success. Director Maurice Wadleigh has made effective use of split-screens, partial-screens and a fantastic stereo sound system.

Though some sequences are filmed in a relatively straightforward way, others involve superb mixing--especially the sequence featuring Alvin Lee and Ten Years After. The multiple images flow into each other, but with no visible dividing lines, the superimposed images are not superficial, Lee's dynamism is quite effectively captured.



Strangely enough, the only performers who don't register strongly are the opening and closing acts, Richie Havens and Jimi Hendrix (respectively). But in between, we do see all our people---Joe Cocker, Santana, the Who, Crosby-etc., Arlo and Joan Baez, Sly, Sebastian, Country Joe, and Sha-na-na (the festival sleeper, and a real gas!)

The film might have spent a little more time on the people---but maybe that should be a different film. After all, it didn't take very long for the music to cease being the center of the festival, and assume its responsibility as the excuse for the gathering. And as it is, perhaps only a bit more than a third of the film is devoted to the building and populating of Woodstock Nation. The more I think about it, the more I believe that we need a sequel, a non-musical one---perhaps it could be called "SON OF WOODSTOCK".



Some movies are basically timeless. This is more easily true of animated films, of course, so it should come as no surprise that "FANTASIA" is as good now as it was in 1940. From the magical world of Walt Disney, we were given a mystical, wonderful, funny and entrancing movie.

The make-up of the film is simple. Eight musical episodes, classically oriented, are given the additional life of animation, both narrative and creative. The music comes from the masters---Bach, Tchaikovsky, Stravinsky, Beethoven. These are the names we know. Almost unknown are the names of the thousand individuals who created over a million separate drawings and spent four years of their lives creating this masterpiece. What they accomplished was a timeless work of art that has the unique quality of being both educational and entertaining.

How does one review fantasies? Its almost impossible, so instead I'll just discuss the three sections that are my personal favorites.

"The Sorcerer's Apprentice" (music by Dukas) stars Mickey Mouse in the most exciting role of his career. Mouse, who starred in many Disney productions, really got into this role, with its demanding changes from self-assurance to meek servitude. His co-star is a broom, which also plays the role of several hundred other brooms- all at the same time. What a feat...

Next comes the "Dance of the Hours" (Ponchiello). The stars of this piece are a gaggle of ostriches, a primo-donna hippopotamus and a herd of raunchy crocodiles. The genius of Disney's people is revealed here, because our standard conception of all these animals is that they are awkward, plodding things -- and Disney transforms them into graceful, elegant images; our conceptions are rebuffed and we are forced to rethink, to accept what can be, not what is.

Lastly comes Moussogorski's "Night on Bald Mountain". This is to me one of the most exciting visual experiences ever conceived in the field of animation. Chernabog, the Lord of evil and death, summons up the unholy dead---witches, vampires, evil spirits, demons. He celebrates the Witche's Sabbath by tantalizing, then destroying his soul-slaves. But the dawn brings an end to his evil and he becomes once more the Mount of Evil.

The outstanding feature of this segment is the mood that it evokes. Chernabog is somehow believable, somehow a little bit real.. its his eyes, and we render ourselves open to the fear that he controls.



PHOTO

David Watt



SERENADING LOUIE

SERENADING LOUIE, written by lanford wilson is now being staged at the Washington Theatre Club. Directed by Davey Marlin-Jones, the play is one of the most promising presentations in Washington, D. C. in a long time.

Everything that is popular from dope to the downfall of the middle class family, revolution, philosophy, laughter and sadness seem to be a part of this semi-avant garde production composed of scenes that are more like quips and of action that takes you so far, and then like television commercials, cuts you off, takes you back, and begins all over again. The play is written like a jigsaw puzzle enticing the actors and the audience to get into the game and put it all together... and hopefully achieving some kind of absolute message. But there isn't a message, or an answer. Lanford Wilson is not preaching brotherhood, love, or anything else. What he has written is only what happens when two married couples reaching their middle thirties, begin questioning their love for their mates, find life boring, and begin wondering if the life they have chosen is the right one. As a result, the plot is like a private party, and we are looking in and listening to the actors reminisce, express their reserved middle-class ideologies and reveal their emotional conflicts. While watching SERENADING LOUIE, we find ourselves identifying with the characters and thus begin to question and preach to ourselves. The message of this play if any is: "Know thyself," and that message has been around a long time.

The brilliance of this play relies not upon the subject matter but rather the presentation of the script itself and the portrayals of the characters.

The problem with many new contemporary plays is that the writer feels obligated to put himself on the line-either revealing his political position, or personal philosophy - hence his main objective is to convince, persuade, or attack an audience for not thinking the same way. But SERENADING LOUIE does none of this--Lanford Wilson again seems to be saying "You are what you eat". He does throw at you stereo-type characters such as the uptight middle-class drunk or the man that's a loser from the beginning, but shows us that we of all classes are like adventures on a road discovering more and more each day, that we are just normal people having downs and ups, and at times cannot find resolutions to problems that exist, especially when it is too late. In this light, Wilson takes us into the lives of two young married couples. "Marriage, nobody believes in it anymore, or practices it...it's all a House of Cards...one fantasy on other fantasies." These are the words that represent the current marriage-divorce cycle and what do we have left, nothing but brief moments of real love that can be questioned, and in the end sadness of a happy family coming apart, left in despair trying to save itself.

Jane Singer portrays Gabby, the typical talkative wife of a man with a promising future. Committed to living the suburban homestyle, she successfully communicates her inner frustration. As the unwanted wife, she tries desperately to regain the attention of her husband. Laughing, teasing, humouring, and cuddling her mate, she typifies the devoted moral-minded wife who daily bores herself, and wants relief. She lets go at ease as the script demands her to do, but her emotions can only be bottled up for so long. In the first act Gabby's monologue sets the scene for the kind of marriage relationship she has with her husband Alex. Alex comes home after a hard days work, is reserved, takes his position in the easy chair and proceeds to catch up with his paper work at home. Avoiding his wife's overtures, he gives no attention to what is being said. Miss Singer cheerfully tries to avoid the fact that he is not responding to her--she continues gabbing about the book she is reading, her girlfriend who is pregnant, a grey-haired man that has been following her, the time of the day, how much she loves him; asking him if he has another love; the observation that the neighbors tree is growing, and awareness of the lonely fly by the window. All the words that are being said in this lengthy monologue are meaningless. The importance derives mainly in the internal actions and emotions that release Gabby's thinking, to communicate to the audience an emotion of loss, despair, and wanting. In her giving, and demanding attention, Miss Singer does not reach this level of creativity. As a result her emotions at moments & moments are stifled, incomplete, and over-controlled. Her awareness of herself, is instead the of rehearsed actions, and the spontaneity of total desperation when her husband walks out on her is lost. But by the time the second act rolls around Miss Singer does warm up... and what a surprise to see her finally committing herself to the role. With bombast she attacks her husband after finding out that he does have a love... in fact a seventeen year old hippie-type. Her love, disgust in herself for trying to save her marriage ends on a plateau that brings to mind the tour de force of Martha in WHOS AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOLF. And we come to empathize with her anger-the picture of the possible perfect wife slowly shambles before our eyes, and we are put in the place of trying to save her marriage.

Opposite of Miss Singer is Robert Darnell as Alex the idealistic husband, who protects the current philosophy of the young(probably because he is secretly going with a seventeen year old), and who willingly tries to understand his changing life and views finds himself coiled within hypocrisy. As the non-committal Mr. Darnell physically demands presence on stage, but presence alone isn't enough. His opinions on the young when the two couples have met at home for a couple of drinks are released with no emotions or physical motivations. Reaching plateaus of creative acting ability, Mr. Darnell often is busy verbalizing straight from his down pat memory book. When he slows down the words, you are able to relax and sit back. And in doing so at last his acting is believable. His best moments are when he is silent, and listening to the others on stage. The play calls for the characters to be of a relaxed quality and to typify the natural characteristics of speech and movements. The dialogue is written where thoughts and words are often cut off, and the thought process drifts into other images. Mr. Darnell's Alex achieves spontaneity of changing thoughts...and once again the excitement of viewing a private conversation where characters become real and not portraits of puppets is alive and moving.

Anne Lyne, who reminds you of Audrey Hepburn, plays Mary the motherly wife, who is warm, cheerfully homespun with the attitude that life is beautiful and should never be anything else. But what of her own life? What is missing is excitement, the kind of excitement that Carl used to give her when he was once her hero-image of a man. Not being able to rely upon the good old days she finds herself a lover, an accountant who works for Carl. Her unfaithfulness is not a whoring expedition, but the adventure of a lonely woman trying to re-discover her youth and beauty. Questioning her marriage, Miss Lyne is believable as an underplayed and unemotional woman.

Not knowing that Carl is aware of her love affair, Mary is honest in approaching her husband with gentleness and trying to caress him in his despondancy. Both realize the dilemma of their marriage, but are unable to communicate and resolve the situation. Miss Lyne intensifies her actions when, in the second act, Carl finally reveals his knowledge of her affair. She becomes attentive, defensive with ease, and internally you are aware that she honestly loves her husband and feels the guilt; in her submission to him, she weeps effectively and fulfills her motivations of creativity.

Carl, Mary's willowing hero image, acted by Arlen Dean Snyder, poetically reaches the height of emotions. His moments of empathy, blundering rejection, warmth and anger flow with an exciting, explosive and concentrated effort which overwhelms you. You are able to watch him step back and let the other members move in and out of this active play, but keeping your eye off him doesn't last long, because he fills his silences with emotions which communicate that he is sincerely listening and being affected by the words and actions of his colleagues. And when his moment is set aside in order for him to digest, and reveal the soul of his character---each moment and word are imaged first, and released with positive emotions, actions and intent. He moves freely within his role, taking command of each short scene.

SERENADING LOUIE is the kind of script that many directors and actors either like to avoid or like to overcome. It is a play that either makes it or breaks it. Composed of all action taking place in one stage setting, the director must communicate to the audience the fact that two stories are being told at once. The action on stage never stops, but keeps moving, making transitions in which a scene with one couple meshes with the other, dissolving the elements of time and place. Audiences watching will find themselves thinking of two things at once, making two judgements at once, and at times receiving unsuspected confrontations with the actors. But the confrontation is actually one of involvement. Whether you like or dislike this contemporary way of presenting a production really doesn't matter, because what happens depends on you.

Ernest R. Hawkins

Two Polish Plays

Director Norman Gevanthor has truthfully brought an enchanting evening to Arena Stage for one week. The two plays, ENCHANTED NIGHT and THE POLICE, written by Polish writer Slawomir Mrozek, are twin-packed pieces of masterful writing with wit, farce, and the force of George Bernard Shaw.

Mrozek's plays are talky, and the actor and director must overcome the words, words and more words. But company and director are able to fill the transitions from words to actions to words with an overall explosive performance.

Veteran actors Richard Bauer as Old Boy, Robert Prosky as the Old Buddy and Gloria Maddox as the sexually alluring antagonist provide in the first play, ENCHANTED NIGHT, an awakening to what one can expect from Mrozek. The two men share a hotel room, anywhere and anytime. Old Buddy begins preparing himself for bed. When he finds his bed uncomfortable, he asks his friend, Old Boy, to exchange places. Old Boy exchanges the two beds, instead of positions. When they finally bed down, the unexpected noise of a passing train wakes them up... and a beautiful visitor, Gloria Maddox, enters from nowhere.

Allured by her aggressiveness, Old Buddy and Old Boy try to be polite, but their submission to lust causes them to be competitive and hypocritical. Realizing that they do not know if she is a dream or reality, they fight over the girl. Frightened of what really exists, they finally become aware that they are dreaming the same dream about each other and the girl, highlighting the truth that dreams can never be reality.

This section was passably funny considering the dry performance of Robert Prosky. Richard Bauer, however, kept the pace of the play alive with his powerful characterization of the Old Boy.

And the dream that a society will someday no longer need a police force, when the last political revolutionary has pledged himself for the good of the government, is the plot for Slawomir Mrozek's second bill, THE POLICE.

Mrozek's message seems to be a pun at those who believe strongly that someday the world will find its Utopia, where puritanical problems are the only ones to worry about, if purity really does exist. He also seems to be saying that if problems don't exist, then men will persist in creating ones in order to keep his present position.

THE POLICE, a play in three acts, is one of those plays that says everything political or anti-political. It is fueled with human warmth, blundering jabs at an establishment that doesn't exist, but could.

Its impact is centered at the hierarchy. Robert Prosky plays the Chief of Police who is in conference with his last and only prisoner, Howard Witt (who reminds me of Peter Ustinov). Prosky comes to the realization that he must defend his job. The prisoner admits his guilt and pledges to be a loyal servant to his infant king, who is an idiot. The Chief of Police desperately tries to convince the prisoner to change his mind, but is unable to, thus leaving the Police force to find their own criminal.

But what happens when a government no longer has any lawbreakers? The answer is, arouse the public, infiltrate it with one of your own subjects to search, arrest, and spark those secretive unloyal subjects of the government to be outspoken. Unable to find a criminal, the Police Sargeant is unexpectedly visited at his home by the Chief of

Police, informing the Sargeant that the present ailing situation of the position of the force is in his hands. Convinced that he is the redeemer of the force, Mr. Bauer gives an excellent performance imposter as the radical, following through his physical actions throughout the play and avoiding the stereo-typed blundering "Charlie Chaplin". His over-active Sergeant is intense and concentrated enough to make the heavy comedy move within its numerous ups and downs.

THE POLICE, with all its laughter that dates back to the silent screen era, reminding one of Buster Keaton, the Keystone Kops and, of course, Charlie Chaplin, is an example of art worth listening to, art that speaks for the present and the past.

Ernest R. Hawkins

To the black man that never happened

I am drowning in your purity.

(it's hot

black tide swelling

into

my seething wet whiteness

has obliterated my past to

dark

boiling night)

cyndy

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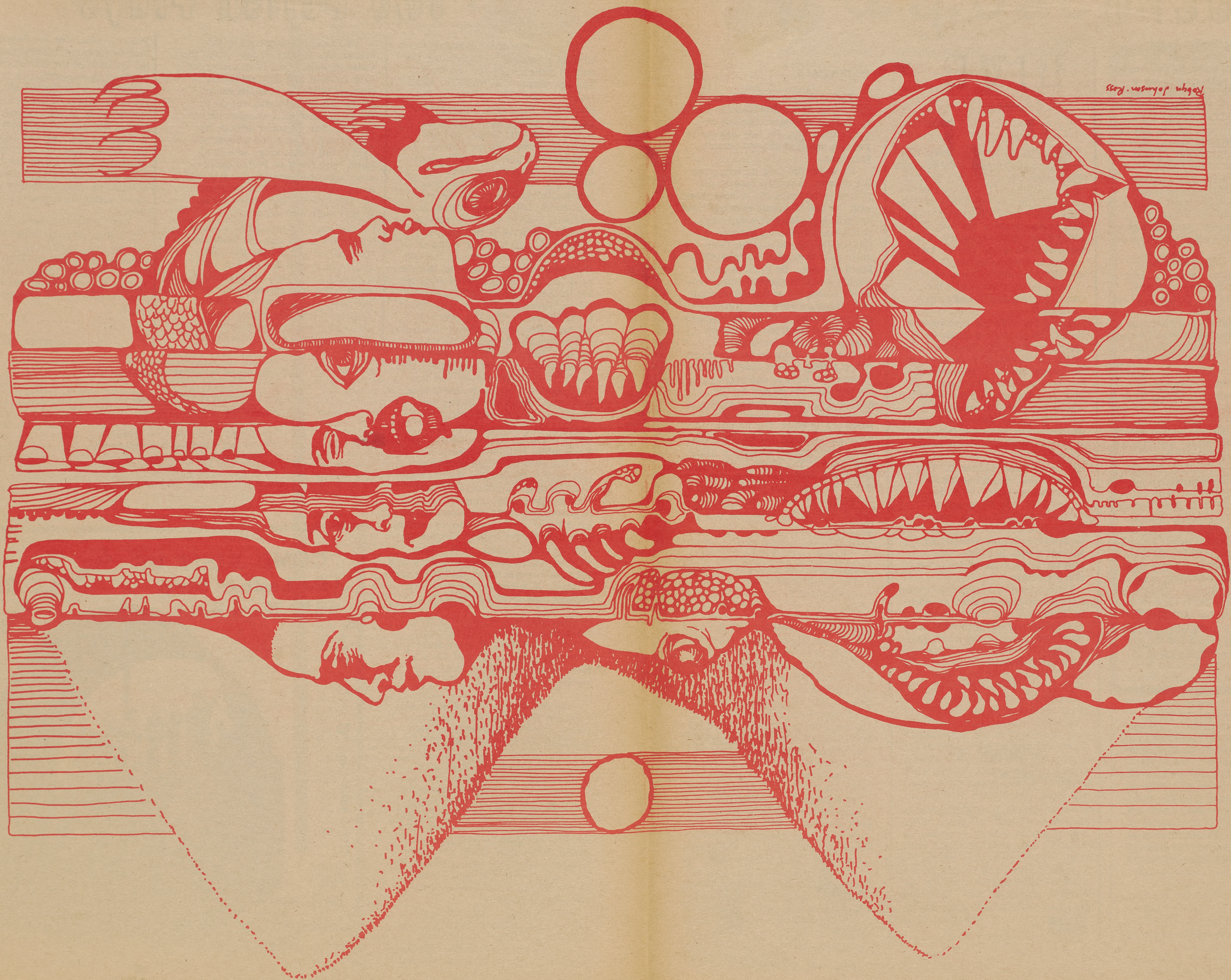
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Robyn Johnson-Ross

CAUGHT

I wrote, in reviewing Great Speckled Bird's new album, that evolution is as basic to music as it is to science. I was referring to Ian & Sylvia, and to their becoming a part of the GSB, which was being hyped as the coming sound in Country-Rock. Well, I still don't like labels, but the idea behind the hype is right. GSB is one fantastic music-maker. They are playing this week at the Cellar Door, and if you plan to go, you'd better move quickly. The opening night crowd almost took the place apart when GSB only did one encore. I don't think the crowd would have been satisfied until the group dropped from exhaustion.

The group is composed of Ian & Sylvia Tyson (guitar, piano, and vocals), ND Smart on drums, Amos Garret on lead guitar, Buddy Cage on steel guitar, and James Colgrove on bass. To say that the togetherness of this group is tremendous would be an understatement. The empathy is delightfully obvious. GSB plows through their music, they give you no chance to catch your breath. "Wheels of Fire" is done the way it should be done and then the band moves into their own material, mostly by Ian or Sylvia, and much of it from the fine Ampex album, songs like "Smilin' Wine" and "Love What You're Doin' Child"; Ian singing the beautiful ballad, "Stories He'd Tell"; and one highlight in the midst of a highlight show, with Sylvia on the piano doing her "Woman's World", one of the prettiest songs around. In this songs and throughout the set, the subtlety of Buddy Cage's steel guitar is just tremendous and Garret's guitar work is equally fine.

The evolution can be seen most clearly on "C.C. Rider". Remembering the way they did it back in the early 60's and hearing GSB do it now, you just know it's for the better. One can't wait for the future, to see where they go from here. It has to be up, up and away. Great Speckled Bird.

Also on the bill is Loudon Wainwright III. Wainwright is something to see. Absolutely honest, simple--he just walks on stage, no frills, just a man and his guitar...and his songs. He performs his own songs, with titles like "Black Uncle Remus", "Ode to a Pittsburgh", "Bruno's Place", "Hospital Lady", "Four IS a Magic Number". The songs are funny, in a sad way, a humor that betrays some bitterness, and much wisdom and insight. Wainwright's voice has a crystalline quality, high, well-suited to the songs he sings. His stage presence is so relaxed that he immediately takes you into his confidence. And you can be well-rewarded. When you see him, let yourself into his music, there is much to find. An album, on Atlantic, is expected in June.

Richard Harrington

LIVE

When you try to write about Redbone, you are immediately at a loss. Their music is as much a product of a lifestyle as it is of the instruments. The four members of Redbone didn't know each other when they were younger, but they all came from Indian families. They all did studio work: "oh, we've backed up everybody, from Sonny and Cher to Glenn Campbell."

Now, they've developed their own style, rooted in their surroundings.

Lolly Vegas is the lead guitarist. Most of the time he plays his guitar through a Leslie unit which effectively sets the tone of the group; a sort of mellow, driving sound. Using this tone, he sets up a pattern of a few notes which are repeated over and over throughout the song. This has the effect of an Indian chant. It is best developed in the song "Rebecca".

"Crazy Cajun Cakewalk" is a slower tune, which has a Louisiana influence in it, much like the things Tony Joe White plays.

"Red and Blue" is the most distinctive work by the group. Indian style drums are played against a constant bass note similar to the bass effect in Sly Stone's music.

I don't want to analyze the group too thoroughly, because it would be an injustice to their sound. For Redbone, music is life, their lives are Indian---and so is their music.

AT EMERGENCY

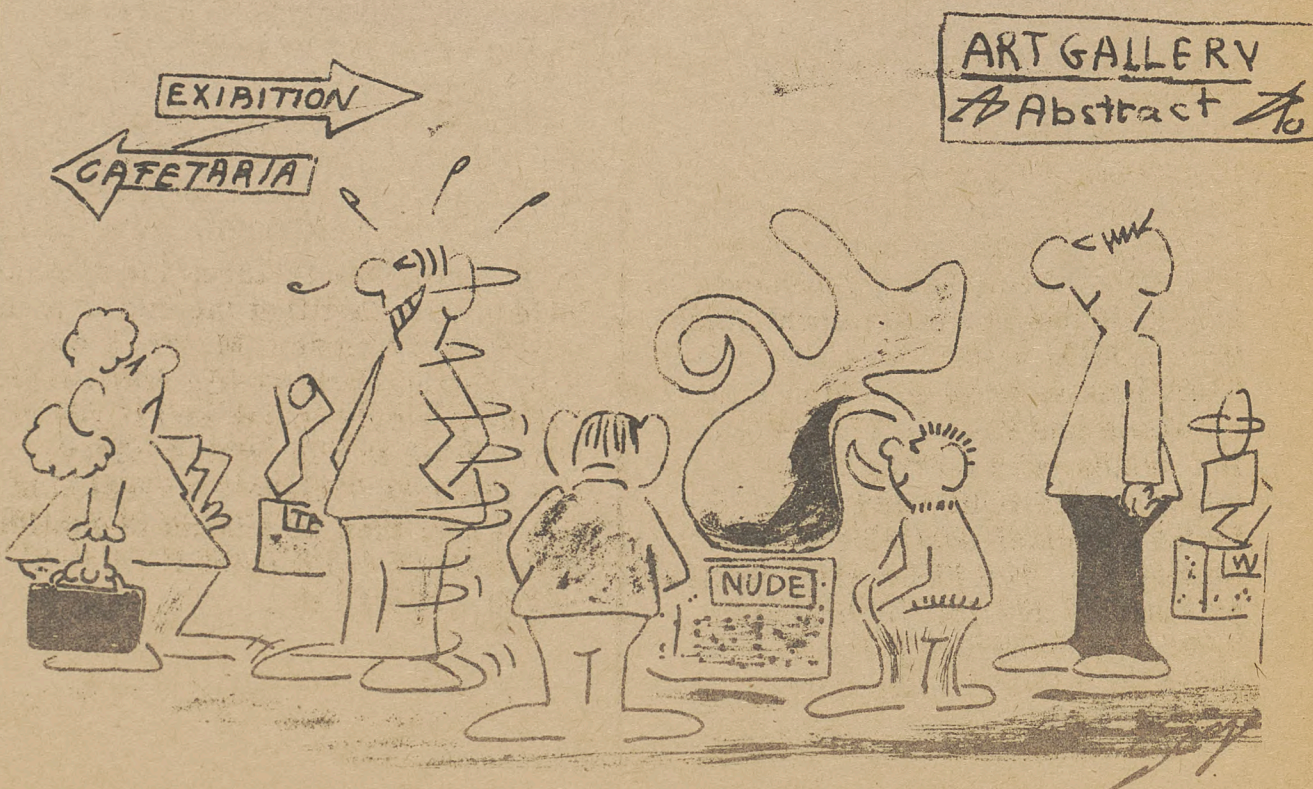
John Zambetti

POTENTIALS

The protector of the Hammer Collection at the Smithsonian Natural History Museum whistles excerpts from Sly. He may ask you if you can paint; abstracts are his favorites.

He walks the long gallery passing ornate, overdone frames and periodically hears the silence break with the call of a bull elephant. Not knowing the rarity of a gay Goya or pale Gauguin, the uniqueness of this exhibition, he passes them casually as if they were kid's stuff in fancy frames. He glances at Van Gogh's small varnished sower in a field, Gauguin's sixteenth attempt at drawing a cow's eye, a skinny peasant woman with one crisscross eye staring out from her bed by Modig-something-or-other.

These pre-popular works of young artists before they pledged themselves fully to one style may not astonish the guard, or the school kids, or the critic of the Washington Post. They may not move you at first, but let him continue his unconscious song for you; stand alone before Chagall's "Blue Angel", or "The Rain" of Monet; stand with someone at Van Dongen's "friends" and let the sense of beginnings work---perhaps you will whistle---perhaps you will paint.



p. d. q. bach!!!

15

Peter Schickele has been doing his "PDQ Bach" thing for some time now. There are recordings, concert appearance tours, and even published musical scores. The excuse for these shenanigans lies in the notion that Johan Sebastian Bach's "last and least" son, P. D. Q. Bach, has just been discovered by Schickele the musicologist. This idea is a sufficient basis for a great deal of musical fun.

Obviously, if one is going to take an audience's money and provide entertainment in the form of musical jokes, one must be good at it. There are many ways of accomplishing this, and Peter Schickele is proficient in many of these ways.

For one thing, there is extremely broad humor; Schickele running into the concert hall 10 minutes after the program should have begun, tippy-toeing along the railings, and racing up to the podium, falling flat on his face. For another, there is Schickele's appearance, heavy, bearded and disheveled. Another brand of humor is sight-gag. Again, Schickele is master. Broad ones and subtle ones alike are performed with ease. The most important form of joke which Peter Schickele uses is an extremely sophisticated musical joke. There are two basic types in his repertoire. In the music of PDQ Bach, there are musical jokes of inappropriateness or of ineptitude. In Schickele's "own" compositions, on the other hand, there is the very particular art of "quote-mongering."

A final category of humor in PDQ Bach is verbal humor. Here, Schickele is also an accomplished master. His command of a comedian's arsenal of abilities is impressive.

Verbal commentary preceeded the music. Schickele set the stage by telling something of the worthless and liquor-filled life of PDQ. In Peter Schickele's "real-life" role as composer, educator, arranger, and musician of several other specialties, he has frequent occasion to gather materials for his PDQ programs. The opening patter took jabs not only at Baroque, Roccoco and Romantic music; but at present-day music-lovers, musicologists, record-sleeve-note-writer-types, and others as well.

The first piece of music was thoroughly described beforehand. Schickele has obviously spent some time making humor out of the various kinds of language which musicologists and musical critics use. His genius is in making these highly sophisticated and esoteric forms of humor available to non-musicians. The jokes which Schickele makes are rarely limited to those who know mountains of facts about the various composers. Schickele is chiding.

As the performance of Schleptet began, Schickele provided sight-gags and self-deprecatory gestures - everyday parts of a comedian's armor. The music basically sounds "Baroque", but cleverly woven into the fabric are inappropriate tunes, unlikely bits of orchestration, unclimaxed climaxes, and many other missteps. Mozart himself wrote Ein Musikalische Spas (A Musical Joke) to inaugurate this kind of parody. Schickele and the Washington National Symphony players nobly uphold Mozart's tradition in Schleptet.

The Gross Concerto for Divers Flutes featured extensive commentary by Schickele introducing his battery of flutes. There were one left-handed Sewer Flute, two ocarinas, a slide whistle, two tonettes. His performance was full of invention.

The Echo Sonata for two Unfriendly Groups of Instruments was quite short. Three woodwind instrumentalists wandered onto the stage just after intermission. They began to play a Baroque-like piece, quite "straight". Then, from the back of the auditorium, several brass instruments were heard in a cacophony of unbelievable proportions. This set-up is obviously capable of sustaining little extension of the basic idea, so the echo sonata was short.

The Piano Concerto Versus Orchestra featured Peter Schickele as the Pianist. Several bits of predictable vaudevillian humor co-existed with Schickele's extremely clever and subtle musical jokes. His performance was diverse and entertaining.

My favorite work in the evening's parade of idiocy was Schickele's composition Eine Kleine Nichtmusik. This piece was musical humor of a slightly different kind from that of the PDQ BACH pieces. On all Schickele's records, as well as in this performance, there is one of his own pieces. The principle of Schickele's pieces is not the broad humor of inappropriate music or "mistakes", but of wholesale quotation from every composer imaginable, one right after another. This kind of thing requires a genius for scoring as well as for choosing melodies to quote from. Eine Kleine Nichtmusik also features the special added bonus fact that the entire piece follows very closely Mozart's own Eine Kleine Nachtmusik, (Köchel 525). I think it's safe to say that if you are susceptible to this kind of idiocy, you will love Schickele's version of it. If not, then no amount of subtlety or intricacy could make it palatable to you. I loved it.

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"Forbidden Games" +
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The only problem with the whole evening is the obvious problem implicit in such ventures as this. Schickele's jokes run the danger of wearing thin before the evening is over. His diversity of styles and the many ways in which he is funny help him to overcome the problem of over-telling his joke. I am susceptible to musical humor and I liked it all very much.

by stephen allen whealton

Country Funk

John Zambetti

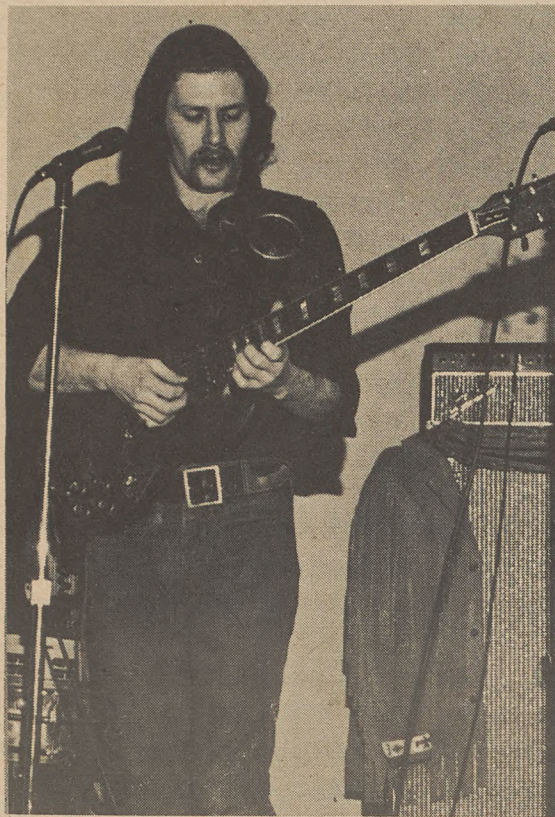
There are many descendants of the Buffalo Springfield... many will go their way unappreciated. Fortunately, however, musical tastes have changed dramatically since the days of the Springfield so there's a chance we can enjoy some of the groups while they are still together. Country Funk is a descendant which is alive today. Like the early Springfield you have to take their music apart and put it back together again to really appreciate it. Their instrumentation is clear and valid, and their harmony is precise and four-part. Separate these two components, listen to them, fuse them, and you'll see the significance of Country Funk. For example, you can never really appreciate what went into Crosby, Stills, and Nash's Suite: "Judy Blue Eyes" unless you see them do it acoustically, in an acoustic set the vocal is predominate and you can hear all the parts of the harmony. In turn this really increases your appreciation of the total work as it appears on the album. The same is true of Neil Young's "On the Way Home." The subtlety of his minor sevenths and diminished chords are only experienced when he does the song acoustically. This is not a put down of electric music, it is only an explanation of why you need more than a record to get into a group. This applies to Country Funk. To really appreciate their album you have to hear them live.

For drummer Verne Johnson the most important part of rock music is the live performance. You have to be able to play perfectly in any situation, whether there's one person in the place or a thousand. You have to concentrate on the music first and be right there in every change.



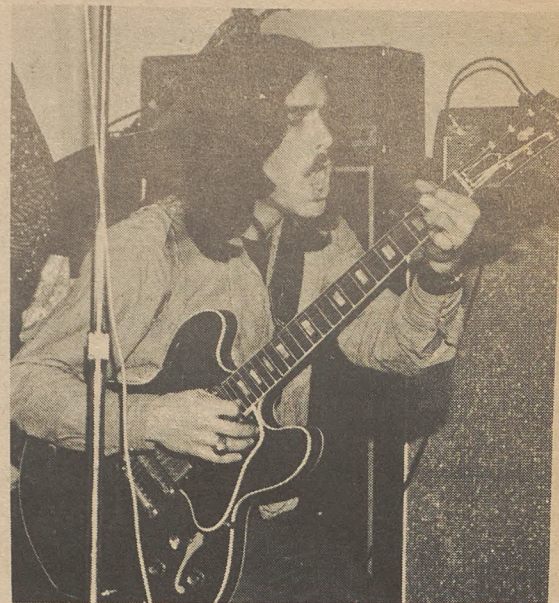
That's why I respect people like Leon Russell. When Cocker and the Mad Dogs and Englishmen are onstage every musician's eye is on Leon Russell and they're all right there in the music when he is."

Although they appear relaxed on stage, Country Funk is well aware that they are part of a serious business. They've known some very hard times. Guitarist Adam Taylor recalls, "we moved to Hollywood and almost starved there but we kept on working and practicing to develop our



material. At one point we were working in New York for awhile at a small club right around the corner from Ondine's. I can remember playing the night the Springfield opened there and seeing the limosines drive up and everything." Verne was with the original Country Funk, left to join Illinois Speed Press, toured with them, quit, and rejoined Country Funk just before the Speed Press recorded their second album. "I was on a 200 day tour with the Speed Press which taught me a lot about what it means to play rock music as a living. Don't misunderstand me, it's fun, but it's the music first. You have to work at it, I know that if I didn't get in three hours of practice before a performance I wouldn't be on top if it."

Country Funk has had the good fortune to produce their own album. It's a rare thing for a company to let a group produce its first album, but they waited for the right offer and Polydor make it. Jim Lenham is the group's bassist and also plays beautiful steel guitar. Hal Paris and Adam Taylor are the two guitarists and main composers in the group. Hal originally played with Millard Filmore and was "just a few months away from my master's in psychology" when he joined Country Funk. "We were really pleased at Polydor's attitude towards our producing the album. We had had considerable experience engineer-

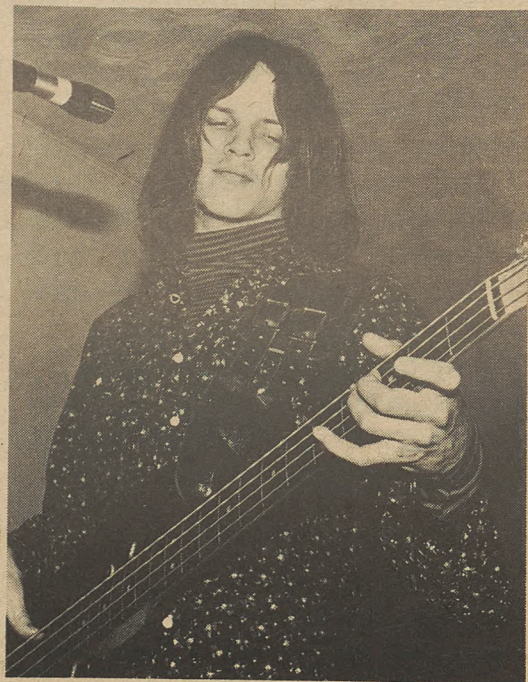


ing and knew what we wanted to get on the album and how to get it." "They even let us design the album jacket. At first we weren't going to put anything on the cover at all, not even the song titles because we're interested in the music first." They dropped the idea since in this day of white album covers, it probably would have been considered a publicity hype.

The easiest song to get into is "Want." When you hear it on the album for a minute you think you're listening to Preflyte. Actually it is an original by Hal and Adam as are all the songs on the album and it was recorded in several different styles before being put on the album. "Apart of Me" and "When I'm Without You" are the most Springfield-like cuts on the Album, utilizing acoustic rhythm with fuzz leads in harmony. Adam really captures Stills' vocal in "When I'm Without You". "Comin' In" and "A Way to Settle Down" present the country aspects of their work while "Poor Boy" is "one of those things which just came off in the studio." If you own a set of headphones, put them on during "Another Miss" and catch the short drum solo which switches from ear to ear right after the chorus.

"When the people from Polydor came down to the studio to hear what we were doing, we were really scared, but as soon as they played the tapes back we were proud." They deserved to be.

photos by Wm. Patterson



RADIO ART by KEVAN OSGOOD

Art is the medium of our creativity. Our creativity and enjoyment of other's creativity is channeled into the accepted forms of the past. Poetry fits a form; prose fits a form. Painting attacks our eyes from two dimensions; sculpture attacks our eyes from three. There is, of course, wide variance within each, but many things lie right before us unnoticed. Things are functional or artistic. Rarely do we consider the artistic value of functional items.

Fire hydrants are a good example of functional items not given the status of "artform", yet they come in a wide range of shapes and colors varying from locality to locality.

Advertising and merchandising shove their artistic efforts at us constantly. The most enjoyable part of Time is the ads. Volkswagen and Avis are among everyone's favorites. Supermarkets are the best art galleries anywhere, particularly the detergent section with its assortment of various targets, spirals, and bright colors intended to attract our attention.

An enjoyable but overlooked functional art is radio jingles. We hear them constantly, much more frequently than any of the songs.

But how does one judge a jingle? We know the standards by which we judge a painting or novel, but we do not have these for jingles. Well gee, they never taught us in school. Persons in the radio business know that for a jingle to be good, the tune has to be of the catchy variety which sticks in one's mind and the actual sound must wear well" so that listeners will not tire of them. Jingles are sold in packages by "jingle mills" in Dallas and Nashville. A station will get a Weather jingle, a sports jingle, possibly a news jingle, and any other

particular ones ordered such as a "Number One" or "Gets It On" jingle. Current vogue for Top Thirty stations favors a capella (without instrumental accompaniment) jingles because these seem to wear better than the various ones with weird electronic noises.

WEAM has the best jingles in town. They recently finished with a custom-made package that wore well for almost two years. These were the familiar

"more-MU-sick-du-el-you-EE-a-ehmm"

jingles. WEAM has a new package of similar jingles made by a jingle mill in Dallas. They were intro-

duced on March 19 and Harry Averill, station manager, is still unsure of their quality. From all evidence, they will serve well and will do for some time to come. A similar package has served Chicago's number-1 WLS well for over a year now. The only possible flaw with WEAM's excellent new jingles is that they may not be similar enough to each other to give the station the full unified identity it desires. Time will tell.

WPGC, rather than pulling the old jingles when the new ones are bought, as WEAM does, incorporates the new jingles with the old ones, yielding a constant mixture of different types. Several of their jingles are good: most are only fair. None of them can compare with WEAM's. Of WPGC, the ones that contain the tones without the call letters sung over them are about the best. When you hear these tones, you think WPGC as they play. An effective technique of association is used here, but identification of the stations' call letters with tones is less desirable than identification with "More Music". The jingles that sing the years

con't on page 20

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REDBONE
Epic EGP-501

Well, the people who invented swamp rock have finally gotten around to making an album. The result is four sides of top-rate music (double-album).

The group is Redbone, four Indians who take their name from the Cajun slang for half-breed. The music is simple to an extreme, almost hypnotising, always involving. The forte of the group is its ensemble sound. Each part of the group works in perfect harmony, both musical and emotional. Pat Vegas plays bass and handles the majority of the vocals, with brother Lolly handling lead guitar. Also in the group are rhythm guitarist Tony Bellamy and drummer Pete de Poe.

The album is a mixture of tight arrangements and occasionally prolonged jams. No matter, because all the music is good. Best cut could be the simple "Crazy Cajun Cakewalk", and it exemplifies their music clearly---moving easy and moving strong. If you want the real thing, this is the album.



Opening
April
22
3

The Rolling Stones +
Jean-Luc Godard +
Black Militants +
White Fascists +
The Revolution =

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Notes & Counternotes

People are always in the process of getting used to Rod Stewart- his gravelly, raspy voice needs that attention. Well, Stewart is going to be a big name for quite some time. His solo album gave much promise, and now that he has joined up with the Small Faces, he has found the proper milieu for his musical sensibilities. First Step is the first Small Faces album with Stewart, and its one hell of an album. I can think back to the great, clean-sound bands whom I could listen to over and over- Cream, Traffic- and Small Faces fits right in there. The mixing on this album is beautiful. I just listened to it for three or four hours before thinking about it. For me, two of the best songs were not the rockers, but "Stone" and "Around the Plynth", which feature some dynamite banjo by Stewart and steel guitar by Ron Wood. These songs transcend country, and hit a beautiful level of their own. So does "Nobody Knows", which highlights the soulfulness of Stewart the singer. The album has its share of heavy sounds, particularly the last two songs on the second side- "Looking Out the Window" and "Three Button Hand Me Down". One other nice thing--- all but one of the cuts are four minutes or longer- time to really get into each song. This has to be one of the best albums out.

SANDERS TRUCKSTOP

Ed Sanders

Its only April and already we have the Idiot Album of the Year. This award goes annually to that album which, through its content and delivery, forces one to roll all over the floor in fits of laughter. This year the winner (sic) is "Sander's Truckstop", by Ed (Fug) Sanders. The 11 selections were all written by Ed, capturing the quality of being that endears certain types of people to all freaks. The tragedy of "Billy Joe the Hippybilly", followed so soon by "Heartbreak Crash Pad" and "They're Cutting My Coffin at the Sawmill" tears our emotions asunder. As Ed's pretty little missus, Miriam, says, "facing our civilization are hundreds of serious questions, and Ed is asking a few of these, such as 'Did Detroit invent the back seat to ruin the morals of America?' and 'Why do they allow shopping centers to have parking lots so that kids could sell each other dope on dark nights?' These questions are stunningly answered, as Sanders exposes the story behind Polaroid snap-shots in "The Maple Court Tragedy".

Another amusing song is the ballad of "The Plaster Caster". But of course, this listener most appreciated "The Iliad", subtitle, "the Ballad of Johnny Piss-off", who beats up pinko faggot hippies. A special highlight is Johnny's credo. Y'all get this album, hear.

MAHOGANY=

Epic BN 26498

Another British blues band. Not bad, but sounding like a tired Jeff Beck---tired and bored. The group has a big sound for a quartet, and there is some occasional interest in the solos. Best cuts are "Best Woman, Best Friend" and "Two Trains". Only drawback is a dreadful arrangement of "Feeling Good".

EXUMA

Mercury SR 61265

The best thing about this album is the cover. The music simply never makes it. It's Dr. John-ish but lacks something- maybe honesty. This album sounds like its trying to capitalize on too many things at once-- witchcraft, voodoo, cajun sounds... It misses all around.

FAMILY- Kenny Rankin

I don't understand why this album is virtually unknown. Its beautiful. Kenny Rankin sings Lightfoot, Bert Jansch, Lennon-McCartney, Donovan, Steve Stills, Hank Williams. Each song is done exquisitely, with the same tastefulness of arrangements as "Wildflowers", and throughout one feels beauty, joy, good vibes. Rankin has the voice that makes you stop and listen to his words. He does "Dear Prudence" and "While My Guitar Gently Weeps", and its almost like original material. That's what's so nice---his sensitivity almost makes him the author of every song. When he does Steve Sill's "Four Days Gone" or Donavan's "Skip Along Sam", he embraces the spirit of these moody songs so well that they jump alive. And he has the guts to take songs like "Up on the Roof" or "Dock of the Bay" and he redefines them completely, and successfully. Damn, this is just a beautiful album.

JOHNNY OTIS IS BACK

Johnny Otis is a legendary name on the r&b circuits, a name that stands to be carried on by his son, Shugie. The two Otises get it together on this album with some friends, including Margie and Delmar Evans and Sugar-cane Harris. The result is a tight unit that shines truly bright in some spots and just brightly in others.

Standout cuts on the first side are "I Can Stand To See You Die", a simple shaker---and "Watts Break-away", which has the best ensemble work on the record. All of the second side is smooth and funky, songs like "Don't Stretch This Good Thing Too Far", "Elim Stole My Baby", "I Got the Walkin' Blues" and finally an instrumentake, "Cuttin Up". Maybe the individual parts of the music never approach genius, but the total concept, the total sound is pretty together, and that's what its all about. A good, raunchy and funky album.

UP AND DOWN, Little John

Epic BN-26531

UP AND DOWN, by an Oakland group named Little John is a good example of a good album that is not great. If what you want is a rocking album to serve as a background, this one will do just fine. The music is solid throughout, featuring funky guitar, keyboard and sax (John Hart, Mike Pia and Vince Wallace, respectively.) At times, the sound is like 50's jazz-dance bands, with the horn just doing some funky counterpoints. All the material is original, with a strange piece titled "Bombay Calling" standing apart. The vocals are generally clean and audible. I kept getting Rascal images, but I'm not sure why. A listenable album.

LIFE IS A SONG- The Gainsborough Gallery---Evolution 2012

Not a bad album, but a little too slick, and not very original. The band has obviously practiced a lot, but they sound professional in the worst sense of the word---they don't seem very excited about their music. A good album in case your AM radio gets busted and you miss that plastic sound.

M
O
R
E →



Paraphernalia

Wisconsin Avenue at P Street, N.W.

Washington, D.C. has its own comic book!

This new distinction of ours is now two issues old. Tasty #1 looked like what you might imagine a local version of "zappish" comics to look like. It was amateurish in appearance, but you forgave it for its sins because it was new and local and you hoped it would be completely worthwhile on its own terms soon. Tasty #2 shows that Washington's own comic book is certainly coming along. For 35 cents, it is definitely a bargain. I like the magazine, and I wish to talk a bit about it in the context of art, enjoyment, Washington and other things.

First of all, it is not perfect nor as good as it might be. It is always disturbing to me that revolutionary and psychedelic and other "new" schools of artists, musicians, and other kinds of people never manage to be any less conformistic and tradition-laden than the establishment. I don't mind the fact that revolutionary dramatists, film-makers, composers, speakers, etc., are not more talented, better trained, or more fluent in their output than are their predecessors. But why must they be equally fad-oriented, equally given to in-jokes? Is it Human Nature? Laziness, my own prejudices?

Tasty #2 seems to have few story ideas which are not un-creative copies of the prevailing themes and fads in underground comicy. "Freon P. Sandoz", for one, has not only a name which is almost a caricature of itself, but the story is predictable and unoriginal as well. Is Tasty #2 intended only for those people who have never read Robert Crumb or Zap? Am I asking too much for one of the stories to have an original cast?

Some of the artists do manage to stake out for themselves a kind of originality and identity. Gregory Kwater, Steve Hickman, and Woody Fraley manage it. A number of the artists are quite interesting visually, and it is here that Tasty #2 comes into its own. If the stories are hackneyed, the art work is not. Despite the fact that The Washington Post has earlier made this same observation about Tasty #2, I find myself agreeing. The stories are old hat but the drawing is fine. The lettering on the front cover, for example, is very good. It derives from artistic styles which are not the lowest level of psychedelic pabulum. It is very tastefully laid out.

Inside the front cover is a drawing which is notable for the vigor of its style and for the fact that it is not set in any one of the currently faddish psychedelic idioms. "Freon P. Sandoz", on the other hand, has little to recommend it as far as I can see. The hero is quick to exhibit appropriately overdrawn characteristics and to commit broad puns, but the mood and the style are not original. They are the work of someone who has read and absorbed much under-

ground writing, but who has not re-interpreted it in a new or interesting way. Using the inherited tradition of comic strips and comic books is an extremely rewarding way to make points and to make fun, but it is also an easy area in which to get lost in other artists' styles. Changes, another strip by Patrick, this time in collaboration with L. Platt, is much better. It re-tells an old joke and does it well.

Toadstool Tales, by S. Ives, is visually interesting and again outside the run-of-the-mill categories of acceptable psychedelia. The plot is again less interesting.

More psychedelic and conventional, but visually notable even so, are strips by Gregory Kwater and Woody Fraley. Both of these artists have taken much into their styles from other artists and from the effects of the psychedelic movements. Each of them can draw very well however, and each of them manage to attain originality and identity within their chosen tradition.

Apart from these prejudices of mine about the various artists and strips within Tasty #2, there is also the matter of arrest. Tasty Comix vendors have been arrested by DC police because they lack a license. Whether these vendors are technically guilty under city law of the crimes with which they are charged or not, it seems to me that Tasty #2 should be allowed distribution as a newspaper. It may be that conspiracies have not been responsible for the arrest of Tasty sellers. Judicial action should help to make amends in any case. A way should be found for Tasty to be sold without licences being necessary.

by
Stephen Allen Whealton

RADIO, from pg. 17

WINX (1600) has a package of jingles that isn't quite as professional as the others'. Their best is "and the music keeps comin' ". Be warned that it has to grow on you before you truly appreciate it.

WEEL (1310) apparently tried to save money with "Bargain jingles". Don't even bother listening to their jingles.

WMOD (98.7) FM has a fairly good package. The concept of the jingles is excellent (borrowed, as is WEAM's, from Bill Drake, the King of Radio), but the execution is fair at best. Of particular note is the use of varying speeds of singing the call letters on the a capella jingles and the frequent use of dead space as in

WMOD.....stereooh.

WHMC (1150) has old-fashioned jingles that have already worn out, less than a year since their purchase.

An interesting change-of-pace set of jingles is on WASH (97.1 FM), an interesting change-of-pace station. WASH's jingles defy the current mode of short jingles. When will this jingle END?? Some are well-done, but WASH also has the distinction of having the worst jingle in town: their "secretary of the day" spot is downright lousy. Whether or not this spot is technically considered a jingle is irrelevant; it is awful.

Word is that WWDC will soon switch to a Top Thirty format. Wonder what their jingles will sound like...

by Kevan Osgood

SYNDROME, con't from pg. 6

The importance of the Surrealist Movement to biomorphic and Euclidean theories of environment cannot be too highly stated. Of greatest importance is that this was an organized movement with stated purposes. One has a nearly endless supply of historical writings and manifestos with statements of intent and explanations of productions. Next, the painters of this movement were extremely productive. Available for analysis and synthesis are works in particular by Miro, Gorky, Matta, and Tonguy. Again, as Gavdi, these men were working in reaction away from Euclideanism (rather than divorced from it as the African Primitives). Although Miro and Tonguy almost completely voided Euclidean form and space from their work in favour of biomorphism, they did incorporate it somewhat. It is definitely Gorky and Matta who primarily worked with both systems to master their (the system's) coordination, and to comprehend and relate to their interpretation of environment. The type of biomorphic and Euclidean awareness, that Matta and Gorky exposed, is of the precise nature that is demanded by the human today to, effectively control his creation of form, to create spatial orientations to which man can respond in a wished and defined way.

MILTON AVERY-More and more in recent years, especially since his death in 1965, Avery is being recognized as one of America's most important artists. Although he has facets that call Ryder and Matisse to mind, he developed an abstraction that succeeded in being both new and extremely personal. This publication of the National Collection of Fine Arts is the product of their exhibition of a few months ago. The catalogue includes photographs of some of his most important works, and an introduction that deals with his life and goals. Published by New York Graphic Society at \$9.00.

MERCHANTS AND MASTERPIECES-THE STORY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART-One often wonders where any museum goes to procure a collection. No museum commands the amount of money necessary and this was the case with the Metropolitan. Calvin Tomkins gives an account of how the museum, rather than buying, had given to it, a fortune in art, from the Morgans, Rockefellers, and many many others. This history of acquisition covers 370 pages, and is published by Dutton at \$10.00.

GERMAN PHOTOGRAPHIC ANNUAL 1970-One of the first of many of the photo annuals that each year sees, and it, like all of them, not in how good, but the what. Skills in black and white, and color, large format, published by Hastings at \$11.50.

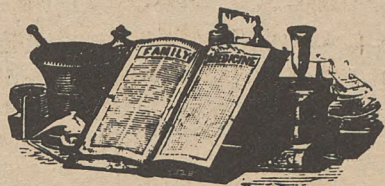
POETICS OF MUSIC IN THE FORM OF SIX LESSONS-Igor Stravinsky's book is no ordinary survey by any means. This bi-lingual, French and English, version of Stravinsky's lectures at Harvard from 1939 covers his outlook toward specifics like Wagner and Verdi, and generals like taste in music, Soviet musical influence, and the idea of improvisation. Indeed an unusual publication, from Harvard U. Press, at 7.95.

JOYS AND SORROWS-This is Pablo Cassals first book. The major portion is in the form of reflections, and becomes an autobiography-selfcritique. Also included are personal documents and correspondences, and illustrations. Published by Simon Shuster at 7.95. 350 pages.

THE MAKING OF KUBRICK'S 2001- A great deal of thought and work went into the film and a great deal into this book too. This fat paperback, edited by Jerome Agel includes interviews, film script excerpts, photographs, intents and methods. More than a quick glance at the innards of a film is given here, by Signet in 350 pages at \$1.50.

STORY-YEARBOOK OF DISCOVERY-THIRD SERIES-An anthology of last years outstanding creative works from American and Canadian colleges. The contributions include plays, journalism, essays, poetry and short stories. Published by Four Winds in paperback, in 300 pages at \$3.65.

BOOK



CIVILIZATION-Sir Kenneth Clark dutifully reduces the fall of Rome to the present to 350 pages of text and illustration. More could be said for that time span. Rather than a history, Clark looks at an essence of the meaning of art. The finds that the coming age stands in jeopardy of producing a new advent of barbarism. Clark thinks art can be something beside pretty. Harper Row at 15.00.

Mark Loewinger

up against the wall

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The high point of the show for me, however, is the White Sight, by Les Levine. It is an extremely simple thing, but it does not fail beyond its initial jolt, as so many of the "idea" pieces in the Explorations show are in danger of doing. It is simply a long corridor with white walls, lit with sodium vapor lamps. This may sound mundane, irrelevant, or confusing, unless I explain that sodium vapor gives off off a very very peculiar kind of light indeed. It is a very pure yellow, and makes a very strange sight. The White Sight is important and impressive enough that it deserves discussion. For me, it epitomized the best intentions of the show. The yellow light which the sodium vapor gives off is so pure that it allows no color. The effect of entering the White Sight room is to find yourself in a completely non-color world. EVERYTHING is yellow and black. If you are able to drink in new sensual experiences, you will enjoy White Sight. I returned to it over and over again. I looked at all the other visitors. I took out everything from my pockets. I saw everything there was to see on my person without color. It was extremely fascinating.

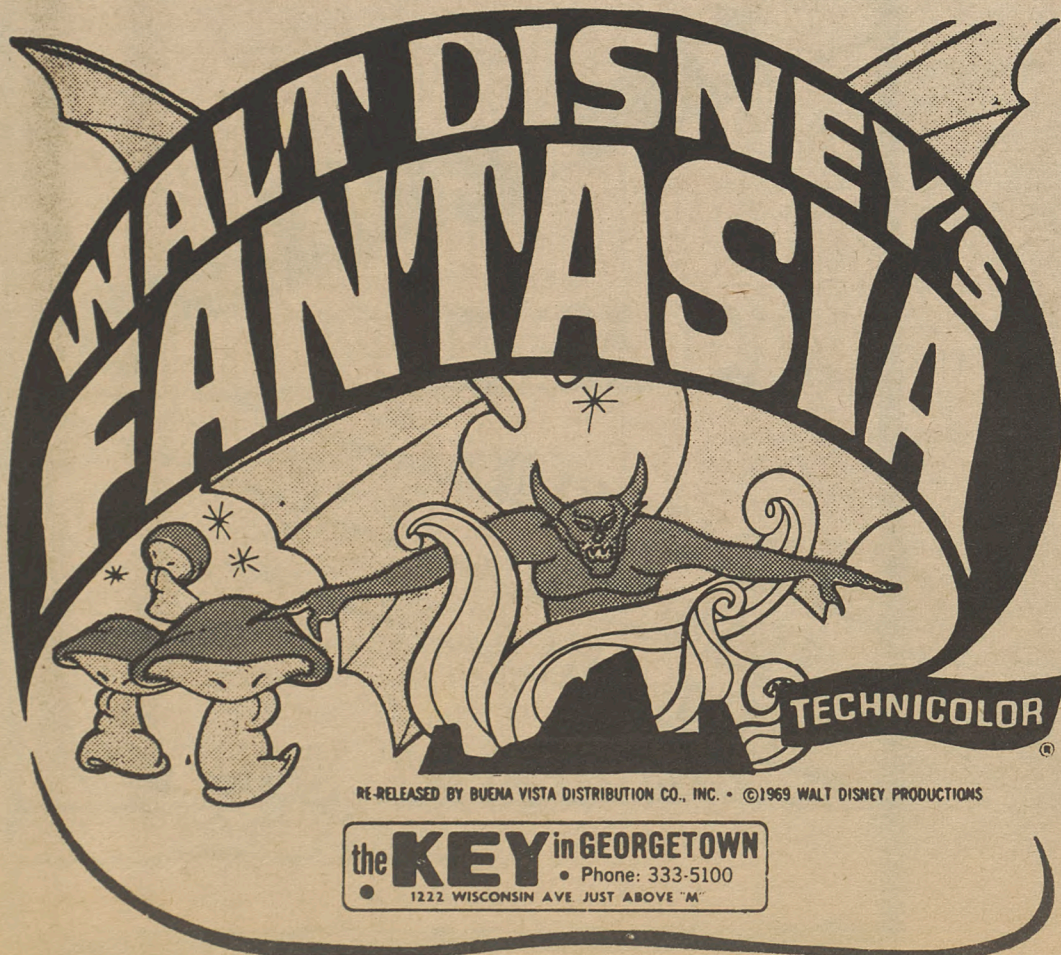
One strange thing happened. On two occasions, I saw a bit of cloth someone was wearing with a tinge of orangish color. Now I know very little theoretical about sodium vapor illumination, but I have thought about it and I suspect that the cloth pieces that looked orange were behaving much the same way that day-glow paints behave under ultraviolet light. They absorb ultraviolet and give off visible light. I think that what I was seeing was cloth which was "fluorescent" with yellow light! This is exciting.

So, go to the show. Take some time, and take along with you a few of your things that you'd like to "see in black and white." Be prepared to be confused and bored by a few of the objects - a number of them escaped me completely and they will probably go over your head as well. (Under your head?) Some significant portion of the things will be extremely interesting, however. They represent some of the artistic media which will be popular in the near future. Some of them show something about human visual perception itself. The show is quite worthwhile.

Walt Disney's Secret Freakout!

—LIFE

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EDISON ELECTRIC BAND

All of the sequences are "outa-site". Some are abstract colors and forms, musical sensations--others are simple stories relating to the music; for instance the Creation is evoked through Stravinski's "Rites of Spring."

Anyways, in case it is somehow not clear, this film is a gas from beginning to end. See it--- and it really doesn't make any difference whether you're straight or not .

FANTASIA, from pg. 8

WOODSTOCK, from pg. 8

Now we come to the umpleasant-ries. Warner-Brothers "bravely" backed the filming of Woodstock. But now we discover why. Tickets generally run \$4, with occasional matinees at \$3. Now, this raises a sensitive question. The promoters of the festival took a financial bath because they understood what was happening and got away from their financial hang-ups. Not so with Warner-Brothers. W-B is out to save its studio from financial bankruptcy, but it is doing so at the expense of moral bankruptcy. Most of the people who make up that Woodstock nation of the mind are hard-pressed for \$4, or \$8 if you have someone to take. And its too bad that the first impression one has upon entering the Cinema is that you have just been ripped off for a lot of bread. That is the way things stand now. I don't think boycotting the film until prices are lowered would help much... maybe. Destroying the theater would be infantile. So if any one has any ideas, write to this paper. We're caught in a bind, because we have to recommend the film, but we don't want to recommend the theater. What to do, what to do.....

April 16--Thursday

Noon & 1:30pm; "The Goat" & "Buster Keaton Rides Again", Smithsonian Film Theater, Mus. of History and Technology.
8:00pm; ENCOUNTER: The Ounces and Pounds of Environmental Protection; Smithsonian panel discussion, Mus. of History and Technology.
8:00pm; "Knife in the Water" Roman Polanski, dir., Corcoran Aud. \$1.
8:00pm; "West Side Story", Wakefield High School.

April 17--Friday

10:30am & 12:30pm; Smithsonian Resident Puppet Theater--Peter and the Wolf by Bob Brown Marionettes with almost life-size puppets. You can see how they work! \$1.25 adult, \$1.00 child. Call 381-5241 for reservations. Third Floor, Mus. of Hist. and Tech.
4:00pm; Children's Films "Scrap of Paper, Piece of String", "Dick Whittington and His Cat", "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves", SW Branch Library.
CORCORAN Ball, one of the highlights of Washington's social season. 17th & New York Ave. Proceeds support Gallery projects. For info, call Mrs. Heck, 638-321.

OPENING Night Wine and Hors D'Oeuvres Party celebrates opening of Washington Ethical Society's Art and Book Fair. Formal evening dress not required. Admission: one tray of hors d'oeuvres or one bottle of wine. Call Eileen at 779-9396 to tell what you plan to bring. 7750 16th St., NW.
8:00pm; Endangered Wildlife At Patuxent--illustrated lecture, Mus. of Natural History.
8:00pm; "West Side Story", Wakefield High School.
8:00pm; "Spring Goes On" music review, Woodward High School, 11211 Old Georgetown Rd., North Bethesda, adults \$2.00.
9:00pm; ROCK MUSIC: Tractor and Folk artist Fran Johnsonin concert at No. Va. Community College, \$2.00.

April 18--Saturday

10:30am & 12:30pm; Puppet Show, see April 17.
ALL DAY; Book and Art Fair at Washington Ethical Society, 7750 16th St., NW.
1:30pm & 3:30pm; Merlin the Magician from NYC, a magical trip thru time. Mus. of Nat. Hist.
2:00pm; Children's Films, see Apr. 17.
8:00pm; "West Side Story", Wakefield High School.
8:30pm; Montoya--World Renowned Flamenco guitarist, Lisner Aud., 21st & H St., NW. \$2.75, \$3.75.
8:30 pm; The Seasons--Haydn, Cathedral Choral Society, members of Nat'l Symphony Orch., Paul Callaway Conducting; Wash. Nat'l Cathedral.

April 19--Sunday

10:30am, 12:30 & 2:30pm; Puppet Show, see Apr. 17.
4:30pm; The American Tradition in the Arts, Richard McLanathan, author and art critic, Nat'l Gallery of Art Aud.
8:00pm; 27th American Music Festival, U. of Md. Trio, Nat'l Gallery of Art concert, East Garden Court.
8:30pm; The Seasons, see Apr. 18.

April 22--Wednesday

10:30am & 12:30pm; Puppet Show, see Apr. 17.
1:30pm; "John Marshall: The Greatest of the Treason Trials", Adult Film Program, Ft. Davis Branch Library.
2:00pm; Global Film Festival: France, Hungary, Poland, US, Czechoslovakia; Smithsonian Film Theater, Mus. of Hist. & Tech. Also shown at 8:00pm at Mus. of Natural History.
7:00pm; "End of Revolution" and "Volga", adult Film Program, NE Branch Library.

April 23--Thursday

9:30am, 2:00pm, & 7:30pm; Environmental Film Fest. 3-day Festival including 50 films. Interior Dep't Aud., 19th & L Sts., NW.
10:30 and 12:30pm; Puppet Show, see Apr. 17.
ALL DAY; Environmental Think Out, continuous film series in Hall 10, Mus. of Nat. Hist. Day-time discussion conducted by Smithsonian staff scientists in Whale Hall, Mus. of Nat. Hist.
12 noon & 1:30pm; Global Film Fest, see Apr. 22.
7:30pm; "Music from Oil Drums" and "They Call It Pro Football", Adult Film Program, Anacostia Branch Library.
8:30pm; An Evening of 20th Century Piano Music, Mus. of Nat. Hist. Aud.

April 24--Friday

ENVIRONMENTAL Think Out, see Apr. 23.
ENVIRONMENTAL Film Fest, see Apr. 23.
10:30am & 12:30pm; Puppet Show, see Apr. 17.
3:30pm; Children's Films, "Andy and the Lion", "Rumpelstiltskin", and "Tiejean Goes Lumbering", SW Branch Library.
8:30pm; Travel Slides. Remarks on four months in Europe on \$25 a day for two including all transportation, wine and your reminiscing about your travels, quick visit to South America, and more. Washington Ethical Society, 7750 16th St., NW.

April 25--Saturday

10:30am, 12:30pm & 2:30pm; Puppet Show, see Apr. 17.
ENVIRONMENTAL Film Fest, see Apr. 23.
3:00pm; Music From Marlboro, Mus. of Nat. Hist. Aud.
4:30pm; Ego-trip, bumper, or good modern architecture? Judge for yourself; drop by dedication of Georgetown U.'s new Langer Memorial Library in Gaston Hall. Designed by the firm of John Carl Wernecke and Associates, the building has caused quite a controversy.
8:00pm; Last Saturday Jazz. Elvin Jones Trio at Mus. of Nat. Hist. Co-presentation of Smithsonian and Left Bank Jazz Society.

April 26--Sunday

11:00am; A Humanist in our Time. Personal reactions to today's social currents with audience participation is topic for Washington Ethical Society's Sunday Morning Service, 7750 16th St., NW.
10:30am, 12:30pm & 2:30pm; see April 17.
2:00pm; Children's Films, "This is New York", "Paladini", "Story about Ping", "Time of the Horn", "The Zoo" NE Branch Library.
3:00pm; Children's Workshop, mixed media for children, 4-9 years, Corcoran Gallery.
4:00pm; The Still-life Tradition, Grose Evans, Curator, Nat'l Gallery of Art, Weekly Sunday Lecture, Aud.
8:00pm; 27th American Music Festival, Thomas Beveridge bass-baritone, Martin Katz, pianist. Nat'l Gallery of Art concert, East Garden Court.

April 27--Monday

ENVIRONMENTAL Think Out; see April 23.
7:30pm; American College Theater Festival "The Sound of Bread Breaking". Music and audience interaction to describe the early life of Gandhi leading to his philosophy. GWU Center, 21st & H Sts., NW. Presented by Smithsonian and JFK Center.

April 28--Tuesday

7:30pm; Amer. Col. Theater Festival, see Apr. 27, plus "A Gap in the Generations", written and played by the Los Angeles City College Theater Company at Ford's Theater.

April 29--Wednesday

10:30am & 12:30pm; Puppet Show, see Apr. 17.
2:00; Global Film Festival continued-Japan, Britain, Canada, Yugoslavia, France, US. Smithsonian

Film Theater, Mus. of Hist. & Tech. Also shown at 8:00pm at Mus. of Natural History.
2:00pm and 7:30pm; Amer. Col. Theater Festival, see Apr. 28.
1:30pm; "The Cape Islander", "Letter from Indonesia", and "Charles Cathedral", Adult Film Program, Ft. Davis Branch Library.
7:00pm; "Navajo Silversmith", "Germany Today-Fathers and Sons", and "The Louvre", Adult Film Program, NE Branch Library.

April 30--Thursday

10:30 a.m. and 12:30pm; Puppet Show, see Apr. 17.
ENVIRONMENTAL Think Out, see Apr. 23.
12:00 noon and 1:30pm; Global Film Festival, see Apr. 29.
4:00pm; Children's Films, "A Chairy Tale", "Camel Who Took A Walk", and "Down in the Forest", SE Branch Library.
7:30pm; "Weapons of Gordon Parks", and "I Have a Dream", Adult Film Program, Anacostia Branch Library.
ROCK MUSIC -- JOE COCKER; at Lisner Aud., 21st & H Sts., NW. Purchase tickets well in advance at Information Desk of GWU Center at same corner.
8:30pm; Concert, Harold Clayton and Lloyd McNeill, members \$1, non-members, \$1.50, Corcoran Auditorium.

ART GALLERIES

EXPLORATIONS--new environments art, thru May 10, Smithsonian Nat'l Collection of Fine Arts, 8th & G Sts.
GROUP FIFTEEN'S art exhibit thru May 1, GU Hospital, 3800 Reservoir Road, NW.
NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART regular "Introduction to the Collection" tour Mon-Sat, 11:00am and 3:00, Sunday, 5:00pm. Apr. 13-19 "The Realistic Tradition of Still-life Painting"; Apr. 20-26 "The Realistic Tradition of American Painting".
STAMPS AND POSTS of Scandinavia, Mus. of Hist. and Tech., Apr. 17 to June 21.
DANIEL NOSS show at Workshop Corcoran, 1503 21st St., NW, thru April. Prints, Serigraphy, Silk-screen.
THE SPRING THING art exhibition at Spectrum Gallery, 3033 M St. NW.
RUBY ARMS art exhibition opening April 28 at Spectrum Gallery.
THE BEST GALLERY IN TOWN is Glover Archibald Park, northwest of Georgetown.
GALLERY OF AFRICAN ART, 1621 21st St., NW, Art from South of the Sahara, thru April.
E LIOTT ERWITT: Photographs and Antiphotographs, satirical candid. Mus. of Hist. and Tech. Apr. 18 on.
NATIONAL LIBRARY WEEK will be celebrated thru the end of April at the Central Library, 8th & K Sts. NW. Exhibit of winners and runners-up for National Book Awards, readings on environmental problems, "The Endangered Earth" exhibit of books and posters showing the beauties of unspoiled nature.
ALEXANDER LIBERMAN'S paintings and sculpture. Corcoran Gallery of Art, Apr. 17-May 31.
MARCH ON WASHINGTON, a photographic exhibition of protest, April 10-30 at GWU Center Galleries, 21st & H Sts., NW.

CALENDAR

REDBONE

APRIL

13-18

JACOB'S CREEK

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